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817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

The University of Texas at El Paso

1/29/84 Jo p. 2.

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

too." His Mama laughed at my comment, because he and the mop did look alike with his big shaggy mop of hair. And he had no use for me thereafter, at all. Even was rude to me once.

*** I can't help ongekko; my dictionary doesn't list the word. Maybe that's not the spelling.

*** It's a wonderful letter. Thank you, Honey. *** I seem to have mislaid the pictures you sent. I hope they'll turn up and I can return them. We have all of them in picture books, but I lost most of my interest in picture books when we lost Virginia, Ruby and Ed in 10 months between May, 1972 and March 17, 1973. *** Enclosed is a sheet I whumped up right after the reception. Jettie got 20 xeroxed for me and this is the only one left. I asked Em (I sent her one to send hers, when she was through with it, to Ludington, but I got this far with this one, and am sending it to you. While her favored son, Scott, who came from Geneseo, the Hookers from Beaumont, and Mary Bailey from College Park were with us, Jettie beamed and glowed the whole time and even yet, she's not far from smiling. *** It's Sunday afternoon, and I've got to stop and watch the Professional Football Players game on tv from Hawaii. I'm clean petered out with this letter, and I'm confident you have read all you want of it, if you've got this far. *** Thanks again for the fine letter for our MEMORY BOOK. It's fun thinking of old times

Love, Jettie and Joe.

When we returned to Austin in the Victoria Brougham, a filling station man put his forefinger on the slick tread of one of its tires (about the size of a silver dollar) and asked me if I knew what it was. I didn't, and he said that's your innertube. I bought some tires. I sent a print of the picture for which I moved the mop to Will Brown, and he complained to me about not sending him a picture of his grandsons, I later when I visited him. I showed him that picture; he was macho about the picture, and said, "That's just old women." I pointed out two of his many grandsons he had been bragging about, right there in the picture, but woolly as mops; it shook him that a grandson of his would look that much like a woman.

511 Park Drive
Lebanon, Ky.
February 17, 1984

Dear Folks,

Just today results of a recent blood test showed that Bob is finally over the last hurdle in his 3½-month ordeal with hepatitis B. He had to remain home from school for 10 weeks while he recuperated. I think Bob's strictly following doctor's orders of lots of bed rest must have enabled him to kick this thing. He still must be careful and will tire easily for some time, though.

Being away from teaching for 2½ months was at least as agonizing for Bob as was contending with his illness. He never was deathly ill, as you and Barbara were, Aunt Joanna. But then, you probably had the other type of hepatitis (A), which is contracted through food. Bob's type is spread through body fluids, and I guess he'll never know how he picked it up. He'd had no blood transfusions, just a yearly school-mandated TB skin test in August.

Dad is here on his bi-annual visit. He still seems quite able to make the 400-mi trip, but he told me last night that he could notice he'd aged more this past year than ever before. This sort of talk seemed unusual to me, as Dad has never dwelled on age. But now he is recognizing some limitations. At 84 he should be surprised if he didn't have a few, I guess.

Jessie and Audrey think he's the finest thing to come down the pike. And of course they soak in

like a sponge all his tales of derling-do. Something occurred to Jessie yesterday, and she looked up at me to say, "Mama, you sure were lucky; when you were a little girl you got to see Granddaddy every day, didn't you?"

Mama is doing well but thinks she may not try to teach next year. Sometimes she just doesn't have the stamina to make it at school, but retirement could be a bittersweet experience: Ray's Parkinson's Disease has rendered him practically unable to do much for himself, though he still walks without aid, albeit in an unsteady gait. I fear that if Mama must nurse him 24-hours a day without respite she may get down herself. It's a catch-22. I suppose part-time help will be the answer. Ray is just 66 and looks remarkably robust, but he is deteriorating, and Mama is determined to be as good to him as he has been to her in the 7 years they've been married.

I was so touched to read the 1904 letter from my long-departed grandmother whom none of us except Uncle Joe and Dad ever knew. I could visualize Vivian Scott Ray sitting at the kitchen table writing to her mother and sister, glancing at baby Ed occasionally, worrying over his coffee burn but optimistically planning a trip to see Iris and their mother before long. I almost feel as if I've met my grandmother now.

P. S.
I love the modified Pollock jokes. Got any more?

Love,
Sylvia



The University of Texas at El Paso

April 6, 1984

817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

Robins, Geneseo, Lebanon, Mammoth Cave, Ludington, Minnie-opilis, and El Paso

Phillun:

It's always a fine day when the Robin is here. *** Emily agreed with me that we might as well include the Mammoth Cave Bunch, so I'm asking them in, now that they have their own log cabin to live in. It's a bit complicated, because Scott each year resides in two places, at Geneseo and Barstow, and only his mama and I can be sure where to address him at any given time; so, it will have to be sent from here to him, wherever, and from him to to Sylvia and from her to Joe and Celeste, Route 3, Box ²⁹³~~364~~, Cave City, Kentucky, ⁴²¹²⁷ and from Celeste and Joe Aden (and Alexandria), to Mrs. Edward M. Ray, 310 North Harrison, Ludington, Michigan, 49431; and welcome to the Robin. Folks, this time we've not got a reluctant letter writer (RLW), since Celeste, busy as she is with Alexandria, likes to write. And Joe isn't bad as a correspondent. *** Thanks, whoever it was who included the Homer Trumbo column from the Detroit FREE PRESS. I liked it. *** Somebody asked Jettie to tell of her trip through the Barranca del Cobre. That was her fourth excursion last summer, and it got overcome by events. She's got a wedding in Annapolis, Maryland (after graduation) with Chucky Hollingsworth (Charles Hollingsworth's adopted son, at age six with his little sister, aged four, now finishing her second year at the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs); this is all wound up: Chucky upon graduation at Annapolis is marrying Laban's and Mary's third daughter, Janet, and Jettie is promised to attend the wedding; how can she miss it: a niece marrying a nephew. My guess is she'll get in some carousing at College Park, Maryland. Then in June another Hollingsworth Reunion takes place at DeGray State Park in Arkadelphia, Arkansas. And in July she goes to Austin for her committee meeting and on to Salado for foregathering with Hookers, Skeltons, and Calverts. While I hold the home front in place. *** I'm going to be taking short walks and using plenty of oxygen, so I won't bust my bottom falling in the street. *** We had a visit from Jay and Doris Hollingsworth recently (from Kaufman) and from Charles and Laban Hollingsworth (younger brothers to Jay, from Milton, Florida, driving through, taking a little

(OVER)

RED Honda to Theresa, (Chucky's younger sister at the Air Force Academy) and they were here parts of three days, before heading on to Colorado. Theresa will be stationed at Carswell Air Force Base at Fort Worth Base, this summer. *** Scott, hope "Man of La Mancha" went on all right. Word comes that you're directing another play in Rochester about now. It looks like spring will come to you last of all, from the ugly weather maps we see around Buffalo on TV. *** Sylvia, we're glad Bob is over the hepatitis; for goodness sake, be careful and don't have a ~~back~~^{SET}back, or whatever. It's about time for old Will B. to start feeling his age. Hope Audrey and Ray stay straightened out. Scott mentioned a wheelbarrow joke, and now you mention modified Pollock jokes; I missed them, I guess *** Joanna, we haven't had a snowfall that lasted ~~all~~^{THE} winter, and now it's April; we're enjoying our little Skylark Buick. I could trust you and Jettie, either one, to learn how to operate a new sewing machine. One day Pam will be back at the Library; hold on until she gets back. My hospital visit was due entirely to walking too far and cutting down on oxygen consumption; now I'm in like Flynn. Will B. has something, no question; I've found out, getting weaned off of enemas to Posts 40 Per Cent Bran. *** ~~Is~~ Pam, that's a heavy load you're taking at Kalamazoo. I haven't met up with trivial pursuit. Tell us a word about it. This a hard time for you, but the payoff is will be almost immediate. Enclosed are some photos of the Reception the kids gave us on Dec. 26. *** Barb, you don't have enough to do, taking community college courses; No, I never heard of Leo Teholiz. We miss a letter from Bill, but covering for another doctor is I'm sure a quid pro quo later on sometime. *** Emily, my correspondence, limericks, and reviews have little impact on my hypertension. I just pooped out from too much walking, uphill and down, and too little oxygen, sitting and reading and scribbling limericks is no great exertion. Now I walk no longer than 20 minutes and take oxygen twice as frequently. *** Good to have such a good letter from you, Bill Moore; where did this Lake Wobegon come from; really a lake? I thought "stood in bed" was old Mike Jacobs Jewish. And April fool, belatedly, to you. *** Joe, Celeste, and Alexandria: Welcome to the Robin. It's a sin to hold it up too long. Tell us about life in the cabin. It's o. k. for both of you to write; Bill and Barbara usually both write; Bill and Emily sometimes, and Jettie and I always. Good policy to say hello to everybody and comments from their letters.

Uncle Joe
Love to all, Uncle Joe.



The University of Texas at El Paso

April 6, 1984

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

Barb:


Enclosed are old letters from Jettie, Me, Dorothy, Scott, and Emily left her old letter in this time.

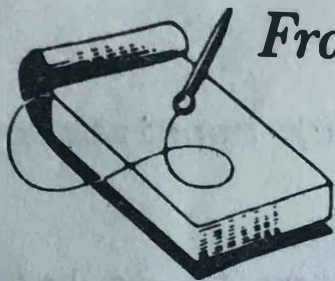
I'm enclosing also the letter from Joe Aden with his pictures of the log cabin he built and is now living in with his wife and baby daughter, Alexandria. They belong in the Robin, since they went around in it.

Also, for you, a couple of photos of our Anniversary Reception. These and more will be in the Robin on this round.

Best to Bill; we miss him in the Robin.

Love,


Uncle Joe.



From the desk of

JETTIE RAY

Sunday, April 15, 1984
(day before Scott's 45th bd.)

Dear Robins;

I didn't think I was going to get a letter written this time, so we took the Robin to David's and Dorothy's last week-end. Here it is another week-end and I'm going to get a note to take to Dorothy's in a little while to get in the Robin. I hate miss getting in "my say" but I've been so "snowed under". I'm getting some things out of the way but still have lots to do.

I did want to get the enclosed recipe in. Wondered if any of you have heard about it or made the cakes. A friend brought me the "starter" when she brought one of the cakes to Joe when he was first home from the hospital early in Feb. I did the fruit as it is told in the clipping. Then in 30 days, made the 3 cakes. When I got them baked I called my friend and told her, it should be called "enemy cake", as NO friend would do it to you...get you started on it! When I finished the first three, I started the fruit again then 30 days later, yesterday, made three cakes again. The first three had disappeared but these 3 are in the freezer. 30 days from yesterday, I plan to do three more...they are to be Christmas presents to my "friends Who have everything". I'm sure the "starter" could be made with brandy, sugar and water. Maybe someone around there may have it. If not, and anyone wants it maybe we could get it sent via mail. The greatest problem would be the fact that the jar can not be closed tightly because of the gases formed.

Sally and George are in Alpine, Ariz. for a weekend of fishing so Joli spent last night with us. She and I are taking out in a few minutes to go by David's as we go to her house. I'll spend the night there

then home in time for a 9 o'clock appointment
with my eye doctor.

Enjoyed all the letters. I'll try to do better
next time with my letter. All is well here. Joe
did a good job telling about all our doings.

Love to all,

Jattie

4/16/84

Dear Robin:

Beth and Mike start their spring break today. Go back to school the Monday after Easter.

We had to have our grand old willow tree taken out. It was twenty-three years old so it was a good size tree. Between the paving of the street and the bore worms over half of it was dead. We were afraid that with one of our strong gales it just might topple over onto the house. Have replaced it with a sycamore so hopefully in three years we'll have some good shade that we badly need here in the summer.

Have planted all our pots on the patio with geraniums, pansies, etc. - cannot plant in the ground

with the dogs. They manage to dig them out or lay on them as soon as we can get the plants in.

last summer Stigger even managed to crawl some in the pots. I guess he liked sitting in the pot looking around - sort of like "King of the Mountain!"

Glad to hear that Bob is well and surely enjoyed Bill Moore's letter.

Know how you enjoyed the old letter Sylvia. Recently, I was reading some old letters of my grandfather's to and from some kin in Ohio.

Love,

Dorothy

May 11, 1984

Dear Robins —

Not much to report.

The Spring dance concert went very well, as did the "Man of La Mancha" I did in Rochester — one reviewer called it the best production that group has done this year.

Am having a lot of work done on my house and on my little apt. building — and more needs doing — but I'm out of money for the moment.

We've had a cool Spring — so I won't get to see many flowers before I leave for Ky.

Happy Spring and Summer to all!!

Scott

511 Park Drive
Lebanon, Ky. 40033
May 17, 1984

Dear Folks,

We're in the homestretch at school, with just two weeks left. Everyone, as usual, is showing signs of wear (some more showworn than others) — but we all know that there's light at the end of the tunnel.

Our school is shrinking yearly. Recently our high school has added 7th and 8th grades, and still our enrollment is comparable to 10 years ago, when our school was only 9th - 12th graders. Rob will be in the 8th grade next year; Irene and Audrey, in the 2nd.

Bill Moore, your lyrical letter is a gem. Let's have another installment from Lake Wabgon.

Uncle Joe, you say in your letter that you are unfamiliar with Trivial Pursuit. You've probably been introduced to it by now; allusions to the game are found even in the funny papers now. It's a question-and-answer game à la Jeopardy et al on TV. And it's addictive. Some friends of ours got the game a couple of months ago, and that first week we six adults found ourselves compelled

to play Trivial Pursuit five nights in one week!
We hadn't even played as much as a game of cards
on a regular basis in at least 10 years. I can't
adequately explain it; our enthusiasm for the
game has yet to fade (though we're not going
to it on week nights anymore!)

Celeste and Joe will be fun to have in the
Labin. We visited them in what Irene calls
their "Lincoln Log" cabin recently. They are
nestled quite snugly amongst tall forest trees and
wildflowers, ~~with~~ a waterfall close at hand.

Love,
Sylvia

817 Univ Ave, E. P. Tx 79902

DEC 17, 1984

Dear Joanna:

Here's my regular mailing when I finish a sheet of 42 limericks on Reagan the Fagin.

Jet tie and I are scheduled apparently for a quiet Christmas. She's had some digestive trouble, but it hasn't slowed her down: Saturday morning she baked six of her "friendship" cakes for friends.

I'm away from long neighborhood walks, walking on the slab in the front yard (12 times around) and in the house.

I've got more'n 1100 anti-Regan limericks

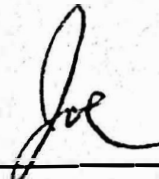
Two of my best are:

Simon Legree	A very merry Christmas and
Reagan, the fair-handed law-giver,	
A man of good heart and liver	a Happy New Year.
Yet Simon Legree	
'S no quicker than he	
At the selling of blacks down the river.	

Filthy Rich
The reason Reagan's a son of a bitch
Whatever the issue, no matter which
He's the only president ever
Who always finds it clever,
To land on the side of the filthy rich.

from the desk of

DR. JOSEPH M. RAY





* JACK HAD A REPUBLICAN OUT OF RUBY. JAMES HARRAN TOLD
HE THE LAST THING RUBY SAID WAS TO ASK HIM (1972) TO GET HER
A GOVERNOR BUTTON - + DIED THE NEXT DAY.
The University of Texas at El Paso

December 19, 1984

817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

Dear Robins:

I'll ^{LINE} continue to double space because long_A are easier to follow that way and to correct.
with such a splendid Robin, it may take me two sheets. Everybody did himself or herself proud this
time. Never saw so much travel: John the go, Bill & Barb everywhere, Scott to London. The only
one who stays home ^{is me} and I am blessed to have it so. I'd like to see you all, especially the little
redheads at Lebanon, and that paragon Alexandria, at Mammoth cave. We're doing O. K., Jettie having
some digestive troubles. Last of last month & first of this I went to the bathroom at midnight
standing waiting as old men do and the next thing I remember is I'm on the floor wetting my
night clothers. Doctors diagnosed a slight stroke; a week later massive bruises appeared on my
game left leg, in back and bad pain; still a stroke until the doctor got me in the hospital in
the bare-assed hospital gown and saw the bruises. ^{I figured I was in over a slumped down ASTROIDE TE... + 200017.} Came on back home in four days; lost half of
the powers of my left leg, and it was bad enough before. Along came the day of the Dynamiting
breaking up three weeks of constipating; I lost 12 pounds that are still off; weigh less than 170
now. *** Sylvia, I think I wrote you at the time that when Barb and Bill were here and took the
old ones ^{I have} been saving through the years. Ed used to send out of date ⁴⁵ ones, and mail them di-
rect to me, as I do now to Barbara. Uncle Jack was a republican, and Virginia angered him by say-
ing where it got back to him, that the only thing wrong with him was he was a republicna. I heard
him explode when somebody told him. * He was a delight to be with any time: mostly for grown-ups.
Once he had got a roomful of us laughing fit to kill, he would warn us not to use up all the fun
today, but save some for tomorrow. It's been snowing here some, but too warm for it to stick;
a whole row of dreary days lately. DOROTHY: good report of the Albuquerque and Santa Fe doings.
That had to be when David wasn't in Kansas City, because you are the first assistant pigeon
feeder. Long time since we've been up the old Las Cruces highway for Mexican food. ***
Scott, guess you got off all right to London no hurry for Dorothy to send this to you before
the first of the year Don't hold it too long after your return (says Bossy Dad). Celeste and
Joe: You're going to have that cabin too full; glad you're a two-car family. Celeste, I'll bet

(over, for page 2)

our folks are foolish about Alexandria. No great loss if your trip to NY postponed the Robin; that happens all the time in this gadabout family, as you can see.. Whatever winterizing or any thing else that house needs, trust Joe to get it done. He's the doings one there is. With a portable sawmill, Joe will soon be expanding the cabin, I'll bet. *** Bill Sutter: A good long letter. Ann Arbor (where I got to tend the cake knife at your wedding) you attended a class reunion, and then went to New Orleans and Chicago to see Laura. Louisiana politics is dirtier than that of West Virginia, but no more exciting. I didn't know I had an intruding robber until hours later: 2:30 to 6:30. Jettie got only about half what her loss was in jewelry. *** BARBARA: Hope you get some of the old Robin letters; there are a lot more ^{FROM INSURANCE} Ed Ray than Will Brown Ray letters in the file, because Brown hated it the whole time; I think he kept wanting to get the Robin to keep us from writing about him. Next to Joe, with her gallivanting, you're the busiest one of us with school board duties and firing coaches ^{AND} such. Best thing to do is go ahead and fire the coaches; they're a dime a dozen and ^{you} have too many people to please. If they win within the rules, keep them; if they don't fire their asses. Don't spend too much time on it. Bill: I didn't have to call in a pharmacist to interpret. your script is all right. Barb again: Tell Pam we miss her in the Robin. Bill S. and Bill Moore both talking about going to Russia. Hope you get to go. Jettie swears she's going to Japan with The Stephen Foster story when it goes, if and when. *** What's with Norwegians with Em? *** JOANNA: Hope you got the mitten tree fully loaded before Xmas. Jettie brought a big plate of turkey and dressing home from Sally's and ate on it for a day or two. George Thomas has little use for left-overs, as you do. I remember a trip to Manistee when I locked myself out of the Scottsboro house and had to spend hours reading a lurid paperback I found in the car. If I know Scott, he'll give us a brief (but to him adequate) report on London *** EMILY. I don't believe you like to stay at home; this whole tribe wakes up each morning wishing they were somewhere else. You won't gad as much if you really like it at home. *** EMILY. That minus 7 degrees is COLD. We had it 12 below once in Amarillo, cold enough to freeze off nearly anything that's not inside. We've taken a few more precautions against intruders. I'm sure our troubles have increased from economic troubles in Juarez with the devaluation of the peso. I like the stories you tell. Free apparently had her crimes brought home to her, with the tangled afghan. BILL MOORE: Good letter and long overdone. I read with great interest your masovite story. Still mystified about what is slutfisk, except that it's edible. *** I'm pooped with all this. I'll knock it off and pass this thing to Jettie. Hope you all have a Good Christmas and a happy New Year, even before you get this. Incld Joe.